

Ford. I will neuer mistrust my wife againe, till thou art able to woo her in good English.

Fal. Haue I laid my braine in the Sun, and dride it, that it wants matter to preuent so grosse ore-reaching as this? Am I ridden with a Welch Goate too? Shal I haue a Coxcombe of Frize? Tis time I were choak'd with a peece of toasted Cheefe.

En. Seefe is not good to giue putter; your belly is al putter.

Fal. Seefe, and Putter? Haue I liu'd to stand at the taunt of one that makes Fritters of English? This is enough to be the decay of lust and late-walking through the Realme.

Mist. Page. Why Sir *John*, do you thinke though wee would haue thrust vertue out of our hearts by the head and shoulders, and haue giuen our selues without scruple to hell, that euer the deuill could haue made you our delight?

Ford. What a hodge-pudding? A bag of flax?

Mist. Page. A puff man?

Page. Old, cold, wither'd, and of intollerable entrailes?

Ford. And one that is as slanderous as Sathan?

Page. And as poore as Iob?

Ford. And as wicked as his wife?

Enar. And giuen to Fornications, and to Tauernes, and Sacke, and Wine, and Metheglins, and to drinkings and sweatings, and starings? Pribles and prables?

Fal. Well, I am your Theame: you haue the start of me, I am deicted: I am not able to answer the Welch Flannell, Ignorance it selfe is a plummet ore me, vse me as you will.

Ford. Marry Sir, wee'l bring you to Windfort to one *M^r Broome*, that you haue cozon'd of money, to whom you should haue bin a Pander: ouer and aboue that you haue suffer'd, I thinke, to repay that money will be a biting affliction.

Page. Yet be cheerefull Knight: thou shalt eat a posset to night at my house, wher I will desire thee to laugh at my wife, that now laughs at thee: Tell her *M^r Slender* hath married her daughter.

Mist. Page. Doctors doubt that;
If Anne Page be my daughter, she is (by this) *Doctour Caius* wife.

Slender. Whoa hoe, hoe, Father *Page*.

Page. Sonne? How now? How now Sonne,

Haue you dispatch'd?

Slender. Dispatch'd? He make the best in *Glostershire* know on't: would I were hang'd la, else.

Page. Of what sonne?

Slender. I came yonder at *Eaton* to marry *Mistress Anne Page*, and she's a great lubberly boy. If it had not bene i'th Church, I would haue swing'd him, or hee should haue swing'd me. If I did not thinke it had bene *Anne Page*, would I might neuer stirre, and 'tis a Post-masters Boy.

Page. What's that?

Slender. A boy that haue married your daughter.

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Slender. A boy that haue married your daughter.

Page. Vpon my life then, you tooke the wrong.
Slender. Why haue you told me that? I thinke so, when I tooke a Boy for a Girl: If I had bene married to him, (for all he was in *Romans* apparrell) I would not haue had him.

Page. Why this is your owne folly,
Did not I tell you how you should know my daughter, By her garments?

Slender. I went to her in greene, and cried Mum, and she cride budget, as *Anne* and I had appointed, and yet it was not *Anne*, but a Post-masters boy.

Mist. Page. Good *George* be not angry, I knew of your purpose: turn'd my daughter into white, and indeede she is now with the Doctor at the Deanrie, and there married.

Cai. Ver is *Mistress Page*: by gar I am cozoned, I ha married oon Garfoon, a boy; oon pefant, by gar. A boy, it is not *Anne Page*, by gar, I am cozened.

M. Page. Why? did you take her in white?

Cai. I bec gar, and 'tis a boy: be gar, He raise all Windfor.

Ford. This is strange: Who hath got the right *Anne*?

Page. My heart misgiues me, here comes *M^r Fenton*.

How now *M^r Fenton*?

Anne. Pardon good father, good my mother pardon

Page. Now *Mistress*:

How chance you went not with *M^r Slender*?

M. Page. Why went you not with *M^r Doctor*, maide?

Fen. You do amaze her: heare the truth of it,

You would haue married her most shamefully,

Where there was no proportion held in loue:

The truth is, she and I (long since contracted)

Are now so sure that nothing can dissolue vs:

Th'offence is holy, that she hath committed,

And this deceit looses the name of craft,

Of disobedience, or vndutious title,

Since therein she doth euitate and shun

A thousand irreligious curst houres

Which forced marriage would haue brought vpon her.

Ford. Stand not amaz'd, here is no remedie:

In Loue, the heauens themselues do guide the state,

Money buyes Lands, and wines are sold by fate.

Fal. I am glad, though you haue tane a special stand

to strike at me, that your Arrow hath glanc'd.

Page. Well, what remedie? *Fenton*, heauen giue thee

ioy, what cannot be eschew'd, must be embrac'd.

Fal. When night-dogges run, all sorts of Deere are

chac'd.

Mist. Page. Well, I will muse no further: *M^r Fenton*,

Heauen giue you many, many merry dayes:

Good husband, let vs euerie one go home,

And laugh this sport ore by a Countrie fire,

Sir Iohn and all.

Ford. Let it be so (*Sir Iohn*.)

To *Master Broome*, you yet shall hold your word,

For he, to night, shall lye with *Mistress Ford*: *Exeunt*.

FINIS.

MEASVR For Measure.

Actus primus, Scena prima.

Enter Duke, Escalus, Lords.

Duke.

Esc. My Lord.

Duke. Of Government, the properties to vn-

Would seeme in me: affect speech & discourse.

Since I am put to know, that your owne Science

Exceedes (in that) the lists of all aduice

My strength can giue you: Then no more remains

But that, to your sufficiency, as your worth is able,

And let them worke: The nature of our People,

Our Cities Institutions, and the Terms

For Common Iustice, yare as pregnant in

As Art, and practise, hath enriched any

That we remember: There is our Commission,

From which, we would not haue you warpe; call hither,

I say, bid come before vs *Angelo*:

What figure of vs thinke you, he will beare.

For you must know, we haue with speciall soule

Elected him our absence to supply;

Lent him our terror, drest him with our loue,

And giuen his Deputation all the Organs

Of our owne powre: What thinke you of it?

Esc. If any in *Vienna* be of worth

To vndergoe such ample grace, and honour,

It is Lord *Angelo*.

Enter Angelo.

Duke. Look where he comes.

Ang. Alwayes obedient to your Graces will,
I come to know your pleasure.

Duke. *Angelo*:

There is a kinde of Character in thy life,

That to th' obseruer, doth thy history

Fully vnfold: Thy selfe, and thy belongings

Are not thine owne so proper, as to waste

Thy selfe vpon thy vertues: they on thee

Heauen doth with vs, as we with Torchies doe,

Not light them for themselves: For if our vertues

Did not goe forth of vs, were all alike

As if we had them not: Spirits are not finely touch'd,

But to fine issues: nor nature neuer lends

The smallest scruple of her excellence,

But like a thrifty goddesse, she determines

Her selfe the glory of a creditour,

Both thanks, and vse; but I do bend my speech

To one that can my part

Hold therefore *Angelo*:

In our remoue, be thou

Mortallitie and Mercie

Liue in thy tongue, and

Though first in question,

Take thy Commission.

Ang. Now good my

Let there be some more

Before so noble, and so

Be stamp't vpon it.

Duke. No more eua-

We haue with a leauen

Proceeded to you; there

Our haste from hence is

That it prefers it selfe, a

Matters of needfull valu

As time, and our concern

How it goes with vs, an

What doth befall you he

To th' hopefull executio

Of your Commissions.

Ang. Yet giue leaue

That we may bring you

Duke. My haste may n

Nor neede you (on mine

With any scruple: your

So to inforce, or qualifi

As to your soule seemes

He priuily away: I loue

But doe not like to stage

Though it doe well, I do

Their lowd applause, and

Nor doe I thinke the ma

That do's affect it. Once

Ang. The heauens gi

Esc. Lead forth, and

nesse.

Duke. I thanke you, fa

Esc. I shall desire you

To haue free speech with

To looke into the bottom

A powre I haue, but of w

I am not yet instructed.

Ang. Tis so with me

And we may soone our s

Touching that point.

Esc. He wait vpon you